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CONDENSED STORIES.

John Habberton's Prank and Its Lasting Effects.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," told at a dinner party recently an interesting story. "I am," he began, "a cousin of the New York publishing family of the Harpers, and I worked for the Harpers in my youth, learning with them the printing business. Well, one day they gave me the manuscript of a book of Ruskin to set up. It was 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' or 'The Stones of Venice,' I think. At any rate it contained a long passage in praise of the work done in the world by the great artists—by the poets, the sculptors, the musicians, the architects, the painters, and so on—and I, for mischief, changed one word in this passage. I substituted for 'painters' printers."

"Of course I thought the proof-reader would catch the error. My idea was that we should all have a little laugh at Ruskin's eulogy of the printer along with such fine fellows as the musician and the poet and that then the types should be set right again. But somehow my willful blunder missed the proof-reader's eye, and in that and every following edition for many years it appeared; hence thousands of Amer-

icans have admired the perception and the originality of Ruskin in praising so highly the work of the humble printer, thanks to me. I, by the way, didn't discover how this error had endured till recently. I took up the volume, saw 'printer' where 'painter' should have been, and the memory of that youthful prank of mine came back to me. I wrote immediately to one of my Harpers cousins, confessing all. His answer was a letter of three words—'You young rascal!' I am not precisely a young rascal either," Mr. Habberton concluded, smoothing his gray hair.

Chaffing Mansfield.

Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Mansfield met on Broadway. Said Mr. Hammerstein: "They tell me that Monsieur Beauchamp is not dramatized from the novel, but was originally a play, and that the novel was written from that."

"True," replied Mr. Mansfield, with his most literary bow and an amiable smile.

"Why don't you dramatize the book some time?" queried Mr. Hammerstein. "It would make quite a play."

Mr. Mansfield checked his bow and with a freezing glare stalked away.—New York Times.

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Ladies of Clarksburg!

We beg to inform the Ladies of Clarksburg that the Clarksburg Installment Company has opened up again and is ready to sell Ladies' Waists, Skirts, Suits, etc., on easy payments. We do not charge installment prices, as other installment houses do. Wishing to have all our old customers back again, and also new ones, we can assure them good treatment, we are, Yours Truly,

Clarksburg Installment Co.,
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LIEUTENANT HINDS

By WILL A. PAGE

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The well groomed and picturesque young girl who had just ascended the imposing flight of stone steps leading to the northern entrance of the state war and navy department building in Washington paused at the watchman's desk just inside the massive doorway.

"I wish to send a card to Lieutenant John Hinds of the navy department," she said, with just a tinge of the aristocratic arrogance often to be found within the exclusive circles of army and navy official society.

The watchman pondered. "Don't remember the name, miss," he said, scratching his head. "Are you sure it's the navy and not the army?"

"Of course I am—the navy."

"Well, take a chair, miss, and I'll look through the navy register. I thought I knew most of 'em, but sometimes a new one comes from China or the Philippines, where he's won a commission, without ever entering this department building."

"Lieutenant Hinds has not been away from Washington in four years," said the young lady. "It seems strange you do not know him."

"No such name," declared the janitor of the door, slamming the naval register shut. "And let me tell you, miss, you must have the name wrong, since if he ain't in the naval register, he ain't any lieutenant in the navy or your Uncle Samuel."

The young lady became visibly annoyed.

"Kindly direct me to your superior," she said decidedly. "I have made no mistake in the name. It is Lieutenant John Hinds of the navy. He told me so himself."

"Well, if you are so sure, it ain't for me to say you're wrong," was the kindly answer. "You might see the chief clerk down that corridor to the left."

"Thank you," was the reply, and the young lady, evidently relieved, started in the direction indicated. She turned the corner into the long and dimly illuminated corridor on the navy department side and ran plump into a young man who was acting as the motive power for a rubber wheeled truck loaded with several stacks of books.

"I assure you—I beg your pardon"—he began.

"Oh—forgive me—it is so dark!" she began. Then—

"Why, Jack, here you are!"

The man uttered an exclamation of surprise and annoyance. "The deuce!" he began. "Why, Hettie, what are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see you," she commenced, "and I couldn't wait until after office hours. You see?"

"But, confound it!" began the man—"I mean, forgive me. Only you know I always said I hated to receive visitors at the office."

"I know, Jack, but mother is ill. You left the house before I came down to breakfast. Mother was worried about the boarders and was afraid they'd all leave when they heard she was sick. If you stay, they will all remain, because they all like you. Besides?"

"Besides what, Hettie?"

"Well, I've been thinking about last night—and the future—and, well, you know, I just couldn't stay away from you."

"The dearest little woman in the world," he responded tenderly. "I was a brute to speak so to you, but I was surprised at seeing you here the first time, and, besides, these books must be taken immediately to the secretary."

"Why, John," said the girl, "are you carrying books and pulling that truck? I always thought lieutenants and naval officers had men to do things for them. And do you know that horrid man at the door didn't know you and said there wasn't any Lieutenant Hinds?"

"My dear girl," he hurriedly ejaculated the young man, "do you mean to say you have been asking in this building for me? Why in the world?"

"Oh, I'm sorry I came now," murmured the girl, with a suggestion of a sob. "I thought that my own lieutenant of the navy would be glad to see me."

"Of course I am," said the man tenderly, yet anxiously. "There, forgive me, and I'll explain this evening why I must not have any one calling here at the office. The secretary becomes simply furious if any of the clerks—I mean any one—receives company. Even now I am late, and the secretary wants these books. Goodby, dear, until this evening."

The girl turned to go. A resonant footstep on the marble floor of the almost deserted corridor interrupted them. A tall and dignified man strode by them in the semidarkness. By the feeble electric light he saw the two people and the truck of books.

"Hinds," broke in a stern and commanding voice, "take those books at once to the office. When you have done so, I wish to see you." And the secretary of the navy continued on his way.

"Oh, Lord!" cried the man. "I'm done for now! That was the secretary. Run along, quick. I must go."

"If you go, so will I. And I shall tell this secretary what I think of him for being so rude to me. I see nothing wrong in your speaking to me."

The man turned. "Wait for me here. I might as well face the music at once." And, grabbing the handle of the truck, he strode rapidly after the vanishing figure of the secretary. He reached the outer office of that official without once looking behind him. Then

he entered the secretary's private office. The secretary had just sent himself.

"Hinds," he commenced, "I am sorry to see that you are entertaining ladies in the department during office hours. Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"Then there isn't even the excuse that you are receiving a visit from your wife. But I must have you distinctly understand that I do not approve of strange ladies or any kind of ladies visiting men in office. I don't care who the lady is, and I don't wish to know. I just want you to understand."

"But you shall know who the lady is," broke in an indignant voice. "I am Miss Hettie Neville, and I am the fiancée of Lieutenant John Hinds of the United States navy."

The secretary seemed puzzled. Hinds sank into a chair. The secretary was the first to speak.

"My dear young lady, I do not know how you entered here or why you are so indignant toward me. I do not wish to seem to criticize your conduct, but Hinds here has always been one of my most faithful aids, and I do not wish him to set a bad example to the others in the office."

"Do you call getting married a bad example?" cried Hettie. "Why should you find fault with Lieutenant Hinds if his affianced wife wishes to speak to him for a few moments?"

"Lieutenant Hinds," repeated the secretary politely. "I do not know any such lieutenant."

"No such lieutenant!" was the amazed ejaculation. "Why, here is Lieutenant Hinds before you."

The secretary leaned back in his chair, laughing. Hinds seemed embarrassed. Hettie was becoming more and more angry.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Secretary," he commenced, rising to his feet. "But I have an unpleasant confession to make. You see, sir, when I first got my job here some years ago we messengers in the department fell to calling each other by titles, the same as the officers. Three or four of us lived in the same boarding house, and just for a lark we used these bundles at the dinner table. Then I moved to the house kept by Miss Hettie's mother, and the very first day one of my chums took dinner with me. All through the meal he kept on using that infernal 'lieutenant.' I never thought any harm would come of it, so I never contradicted it. I never intended to deceive you, Hettie, and I was going to tell you all about it tonight. I'll never do it again, sir, and if Miss Hettie will accept a \$900 a year messenger of the navy department instead of a real lieutenant, why, sir, I'll promise she will never again interrupt me when I'm carrying your books."

The secretary was smiling. "And will Miss Hettie accept the \$900 a year messenger?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," cried Hettie, "indeed she will, and she's very sorry she was so rude."

The secretary took up a pen and commenced to write. "Then that's all settled," he said. "Now, 'Lieutenant' John Hinds, take this paper to the appointment clerk. You are placed on the rolls as a special clerk at \$1,200 and are detailed for duty in my private office. I wish you good morning. Permit me to congratulate you both."

Perique Strong as Poison.

In many of the tobaccoists' shops perique tobacco chopped into granulated form is displayed for use by pipe smokers. This is the same perique that has been grown by Frenchmen and Spaniards in Louisiana since before our Revolutionary war. It is a jet black, intensely strong tobacco, famous for its flavor and its ability to wreck the nerves.

It is grown and made in St. James parish, Louisiana, and the crop only amounts to about 100,000 pounds a year.

The makers follow the primitive processes which were in use 150 years ago. The stems are taken from the leaves and the latter put into a box under a heavy gradual pressure. This causes the juice to run out, even through the wood of the boxes. A gradual process of fermentation and curing takes place.

At the end of three months the tobacco is rolled into "carrots" and wrapped in cloths tightly bound with ropes. It is left in that way for a year before it is ready for market.

The flavor of perique is considered delicious by all pipe smokers, but is too strong. The tendency of smokers is continually toward lighter and lighter tobacco, and perique is now used almost solely for mixing with very mild tobacco to flavor it.

The Rally For Liberty.

"Gentlemen," said the speaker, rising to his full height and almost carrying his hearers off their feet with his matchless eloquence, "the time has come for us to assert our independence. We are freemen citizens. God has given us as a birthright the privilege of governing ourselves as we see fit. We bow our knee to no kings and no princes. We have only ourselves to blame if we permit others to deny the liberty that our fathers have bequeathed to us—the liberty made sacred by their hallowed blood. I appeal to you, my fellow citizens, to arise in your might. Let us exhibit our manhood. Let us teach the world the great lesson of independence. Let us—"

"Say, gents," yelled the janitor as he suddenly stepped out upon the platform, "I'm going to shut this hall up now. Clear out o' here. I've been up three nights with the toothache, and I'm going to bed early. Git, before I turn out the lights on you!"

One minute and seven seconds later the doors were locked, and the great rally for liberty was one of the things that had been.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Points on Furnishing Halls, Especially Small Ones.

In the ordinary house the furnishing of the hall is the matter that gets the least attention and deserves the most. It is generally dismissed with a hall tree and a carpet or a rug if the floor is hardwood under the impression that that is about all that can be done for it. And true it is that it is difficult to make a small hall look like anything more than a thoroughfare for mere passing in and out, and the worst of it is that in a way the hall furnishes the keynote to the house. The visitor takes his first impression from it.

A small hall requires but little furniture. Chairs and hall seats are not necessary. Hall trees have "gone out" along with marble topped tables. Knowing what is not wanted is next, of course, to knowing what is wanted. Since we are to have so little in the way of furniture, we must pay more attention to the paper and the woodwork.

To advise white woodwork in a hall is perhaps to fall into condemnation, yet nothing is better for the small hall if properly treated. Take, for instance, a hall that is to be done in red. The woodwork and the stairs are white. The walls are to be covered with a figured red paper above a wainscot of darker plain paper or burlaps. Red should predominate in the rug filling the space between the stair and the door, and the stair carpet, also in red, should be laid with brass rods. In such a hall the only furniture need be a table, in mahogany, for hats, gloves, etc.; a mirror over it, with a brass frame, if you can afford it, and a large jar or stand for umbrellas. There should be a coat closet under the stairs in such a hall for rubbers, wraps, etc., and a shelf over the door on which a bit of terra cotta pottery shows to good advantage.

A long, narrow hall may be broken by putting a shelf across it two-thirds of its length, with a rod underneath from which to suspend draperies, which must, of course, slide easily on rings. The shelf should be two feet below the average ceiling, and a few bits of pottery are effective on it. Color and shape are more essential than quality in such a place.

Sometimes there is a small, high window in a hall, in which case the table may be replaced by a settlelike seat with a red corduroy cushion on it under the window.

In larger halls the mirror may be larger, with pegs for coats and hats, and beneath it a seat or chest, in which rubbers, etc., are kept.

Remember that dull, neutral tones do not belong to the hall. It should either be light and cheerful or rich and dignified in treatment.

The fashion of having reception halls, with fireplace, mantel and other features which tend to elaboration, is to be commended, but if such a room must also be the family sitting room don't do it. The hall is the entrance way, not a room for family use.

How to Sweep a Carpet.

A carpet should be thoroughly swept as often as once a week whether the room is used or not. Sprinkle damp salt over it and use a good broom, sweeping with quick, firm strokes. Some housewives prefer tea leaves and carefully save them after the tea is poured off until sweeping day. Either one will collect the dust, leaving the carpet clean and fresh looking. If grease is spilled upon a carpet, heat enough bran to cover it, spread it over the place to the depth of an inch and set a hot iron or two on the bran. The heat draws the grease out, and the bran absorbs it. One application is usually enough, but if any grease remains sweep the bran off and apply a fresh coating. Ink stains may usually be removed if treated as soon as the ink is spilled. Take a large, coarse sponge and take up all the ink it will absorb. Wash the sponge, pour sweet milk on the spot and dry with a sponge as often as necessary to remove every trace of ink. Then wash the place with clean suds, rinse thoroughly and wipe as dry as possible. Every trace of ink will be gone when the carpet is dry. Blotting paper may be used to absorb the ink if the sponge is not at hand and the carpet washed with a soft cloth.

Corn Chowder.

Cut two thick slices of salt pork into small squares and fry; add one sliced onion and cook slowly five minutes, stirring often so that the onion will not burn; strain the fat into a stewpan; boil for five minutes one quart of sliced potatoes; drain and add potatoes to fat and two cupfuls of boiling water; cook until potatoes are soft; then add one can of corn and one quart of milk; heat to boiling point; season with salt and pepper, three level tablespoonfuls of butter and six common crackers, split and soaked in cold milk to moisten; turn into a tureen and serve.

ER THE

as a Shoe Case, but Dust and

our first convenience and a but it had disadvantages wool, the moths ate holes pockets and if of cleanly life got into every gather and into the pockets themselves. was tacked to the wall or door, instead of being hung by loops. small hooks, these pockets were rarely shaken out, and then if of wool what a riotous time the moths did have!

In place of rows of pockets use strong straps of suspender webbing or leather, as one pleases. Mark off spaces of five inches with a cross a closet door on the inside. If more are needed, do the same ten inches below.

Tack the strap across, with eight inches of strap to each five inch space. Double carpet tacks are firm and neat, brass headed tacks ornamental. Use either. Into each loop slip one shoe. This sort of shoe case is "made in a jiffy" and enlarged by another row of loops as fast as required.

For children's shoes or for father's one has only to tack straps with the less or greater length of loop the size of shoe requires. An eight inch loop holds a No. 5 ladies' shoe just right.—Keziah Shelton in Ladies' World.

Salmi of Ducklings.

Cleanse well two ducklings, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put in a roasting pan, pouring two tablespoonfuls of melted butter over them. Baste often, using more melted butter as required until the ducklings are cooked. Take from the oven, cut off the legs, wings and breasts in good pieces. Scrape the rest of the meat from the carcasses, chop with a teaspoonful of chopped onion already fried a bit in butter and heat all in a little melted butter, a cupful of stock and a bit of Madeira. Add salt and pepper to taste, thicken with a little browned flour and pour over the roasted duckling pieces. Set in the oven to heat a bit and serve.—Epicure.

Game With Ham.

One of the new ideas in serving game and poultry as introduced by Philadelphia chefs will appeal to the many who think that a touch of the flavor of ham improves meats. I mean the new way in which portions of chicken, squab, reed birds and various kinds of game are dished upon a broad slice of honey cured ham. The ham, cold boiled and sliced thin. Under it is a slice of delicately browned toast covered with a tender lettuce leaf. It makes a pretty dish and an appetizing one.—Good Housekeeping.

Fried Cheese Sandwiches.

Fried cheese sandwiches may be made by cutting stale bread into thin slices and spreading lightly with French mustard. Cover with a thick layer of grated cheese. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Press the slices of bread together and trim off the crusts. Heat a tablespoonful of butter and lard together in a spider. Fry the sandwiches on both sides till light brown. Serve very hot. If you have a morsel of cold ham on hand, chop it fine and sprinkle over the cheese with a few bits of shredded parsley.

Velvet Shortcake.

Add one teaspoonful of salt to one quart of flour; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one tablespoonful of boiling water; add this to two and a quarter cups of sour cream, then add this to the flour; toss on a floured board; roll lightly to one hair inch thick and the size of a breakfast plate; put on a hot griddle. When brown on the underside turn and brown the other; split butter and serve hot.

To Clean Hairbrushes.

Hairbrushes should be washed in a lukewarm water solution of soda or borax. The solution may be made in a little boiling water and then cold water added, but it must never be used hot, or the bristles will turn a bad color and lose stiffness. After washing rinse brushes in clean, cold water and in an airy but shady place.

Cleaning Windows.

The cleaning of windows may greatly be facilitated by first dusting them with whiting. Sew up a whiting in a small linen bag, rub the whole window and let it dry. Rub this off with a rough cloth, polish with chamois. Another is to rub the glass with a cloth dampened with whiting and with soft cloths.

For Cleaning Wood Tables.

To clean wood tables and use this mixture: Half a pound of soft soap and sand and a pound of lime. Rub with a scrubbing brush, plenty of clean water, and the wood will be